

## MAN AND BEAR FIGHT

WHITE WAS LOOKING FOR DOCILITY,  
BUT BRUIN WAS WICKED.

The Bear Went Tooth and Nail Against Knife and Gun and Was About Ready to End White's Days When the Other Hunter Came—Two Scared Men.

Hunters and lumbermen have had several thrilling experiences with black bears up in the San Bernardino mountains, 30 miles northwest of Colton, Cal., in the last ten years, but none that has roused the ranchmen and sheep herders along the foothills of this region more than that of David White and George W. Buck.

Both are young ranchmen and excellent all around shots. They came from Vineland, N. J., years ago. Mr. White is about 32 years old and Mr. Buck was 31 last month. Both are now in bad form owing to their experience with a bear. White's left arm was severely lacerated and the wrist was laid bare to the bones. His cheek and neck were cut deeply by bear claws and his left side has a dozen gashes. Buck is in bed. His upper legs were torn by the same bear's claws, his thigh was cut an inch deep in several places and the thin flesh of one of his ankles was ripped open.

The Whites and Bucks live on neighboring ranches near the mouth of Manzanita canyon over in Riverside county. Every fall they have passed in California the two men have laid in a sufficient supply of provisions and grease roots for cooking and have gone away in the foothills and canyons for a fortnight's hunt. They have brought back many fox, deer and wildcat pelts, a quantity of venison, wild geese and occasionally the skin of a mountain lion. They started on their annual hunt ten days ago. This season they were more ambitious and decided to go up in the mountains—some 5,500 or 6,000 feet high—for big game. They went up into the San Bernardino spur of the Sierra Madre range.

The trip was unsuccessful, for the early snows in the upper mountains have been unusually heavy this season. Beyond a few foxes and two wildcats they found nothing. On last Monday Buck and White prepared to go down the mountains to the warm valley below. Buck went out for a final round of the fox traps and one more search for big game. White remained in the log cabin to clean the guns and get things ready for the descent. This work he soon finished, and he went out to smoke his pipe and walk about among the trees. The morning was clear and agreeable, and he sat down on a log about a quarter of a mile away to smoke and read an old newspaper that he had found in his pockets. He says he could not have read half a column before the stillness was broken by the snapping of twigs and the rustling of dry leaves a hundred yards behind him. He turned leisurely, expecting to see the hunting dogs that Buck had gone away with, but his blood ran cold as he saw a black bear, as large as an ox, it seemed to him, coming toward him, with nose sniffing the ground as it advanced, but eyes straight on him.

"In just a fraction of a second I was off that log and was making the liveliest tracks any one ever saw made for the cabin," said White in telling of the experience. "I was unarmed but for my bowie knife and a small pistol. I must have made the distance from log to cabin in race horse time. I had never before seen a bear except in a newspaper or at the end of an Italian's pole. When I reached the cabin door, I looked back and saw the black bear smelling the log where I had been. By that time I was cooler, and the bear looked smaller and very docile. I was even vexed with myself for my fright and was glad that Buck had not witnessed my hard run. As I stood there watching the bear nosing about the log I thought of all I had ever read about the good nature of bears. I had heard so often that bears never really attacked any one. 'Now,' I thought I to myself, 'is my golden opportunity to get a bear and show what I can do in the taming line.'

"I thought how surprised Buck would be to come back to camp and find that I had done what he and I had talked about doing ever since we came out from New Jersey. So I snatched up my Winchester, and, going out into the clearing, I stood within 100 yards of the bear, that was then holding its nose up in the air as if to catch a scent. The bear stood stock still and looked at me. I raised my rifle, took aim and fired. The aim was poor. The bear rolled a few feet, grunted as the echo of my shot died away, and then, scrambling to its feet, started toward me, covering apparently six feet to the jump.

"Talk about docile, good natured bears! You ought to have seen that one! I took it all in at a glance and shall never forget the sight. The bear was bellowing, and, with nose up, mouth open, teeth glistening and red blood trickling down its black face, it came straight as a bullet toward me. In less time than it takes to tell this I reached for a cartridge at my belt, and my blood ran cold as it flashed upon me that in my excitement I had left the cartridge belt in the cabin, and that it was impossible to get there before the bear. You can bet it was an awful moment. I wouldn't experience it again for a fortune.

"I had no time to consider, but a procession of things went through my mind. I had nothing about me but a long and very sharp bowie knife with which to defend myself, and there was that infuriated and hungry, powerful brute almost upon me. I reached for my knife and drew it from its sheath, at the same moment running forward a few feet to strike as powerful a blow as possible with my weapon. The bear struck against my legs, and I nearly fell to the ground. I turned and, in my haste, gave the animal a savage cut across the back. At that the bear turned upon me more fiercely than ever. I had got upon my feet, and the bear struck me a powerful blow upon my breast. I

could hardly breathe for a second. If I had not been prepared, I would have fallen under the beast.

"The next move was to attempt to put my long knife into the bear's heart. My body, however, was so close to that of the bear that the knife blade struck too close to the shoulder to do any injury. The bear was more enraged than ever and dealt me a blow with one of its great paws that seemed like a sledge hammer on my breast. I stumbled backward nearly upon the ground. I thought then I was surely a goner. In an instant the bear was upon me again with its fore paws. I reached up and gave it a great slash across the breast, from which great quantities of hot blood poured down on me. I was most in dread of those long white teeth above me, but it seemed that it was the claws that I really had most to fear. We had a close embrace, during which my face and hands, as you see, were terribly scratched and torn.

"I don't know how I did it, but I managed to hold on to my knife, with which I had given the bear three deep digs, and at the same time to grasp it about the waist. We rolled over twice, during which my heavy clothing was nearly torn off and my legs were terribly lacerated by the bear's hind paws, but I still kept clear of the worst bites and hugs. My strength was beginning to fail, and I realized I could not fight on at this rate much longer. By a supreme effort I rolled upon my side, and, getting my right arm and hand free for an instant, I made a lunge which I meant should finish the bear. I aimed as near under the left fore paw as I could, and the knife went in—I don't know how far.

"I am not a responsible witness to what occurred in the next few minutes, for I have a hazy recollection of the bear falling plumb upon me like an avalanche, and that is all. Buck was almost back at the cabin when he heard my Winchester go off. He had dropped his fox traps and came pell-mell through the chaparral, with the dogs on ahead of him. He says the bear was almost on me when he first saw the fight, and he never ran faster in all his life. He was probably 400 yards away when the bear and I grappled, and he did not dare to shoot unless at close quarters for fear he would kill me. When I fell, with the brute on me, he was 20 feet away, and the dogs were yelping and barking all about. At that moment Buck sent a .56 ball into the bear, and then, running in close, he aimed to shoot again.

"In a flash the bear turned from me and leaped on him. He staggered back, and the bear raised its forepaw and dealt him another blow on the chest. It was all done quicker than thought, Buck says. His hunting coat was torn, and he felt as if all the flesh was being torn from his bones. He retreated a few feet, and while the dogs were snapping at the bear he shot it, standing on its hind legs, full and fair in the chest. The bear tumbled forward, and Buck fired three more bullets into it to make sure of his game. It was over a day before we could get about enough to think of going down the mountain trail home.

"We let the bear's carcass lie there among the pine trees until the next day, but we were both too sore to attend to getting any trophies. Several Coshilla Indians came that way, and they skinned the bear for the meat and helped us down to Hemet. They said the bear was a female and weighed between 350 and 400 pounds, which was large for a black bear.

"Now Buck and I are disputing about who shall have that bearskin to show to future generations of Bucks and Whites. We'll have to draw lots for it. The doctor says that Buck will have to be in bed for a week. You may rest assured that the women in our homes won't ever let us go out for big game again. I've had my fill anyhow. Foxes and wildcats up in the canyon are big enough for me."—New York Sun.

## FORGETFUL MR. BILLTOPS.

And How Claude's Shoes Finally Got to the Shoemaker's.

"Forgetful?" said Mr. Billtops. "Well, well, well, I should say so! I haven't any memory at all. If I want to remember anything, I have to make a memorandum of it, and then twist the paper around my key ring, or shut it in my knife, or tie it through the ring of my watch. I can't remember anything at all.

"Mrs. Billtops tried for days to get me to take Claude's shoes to the shoemaker's. He'd worn them through on the soles and put on his best shoes to wear while the others were being fixed. Every day Mrs. Billtops would put the bundle on the table near me as I read the paper and say:

"Now, Ezra, don't forget the shoes."

"And I would look at them and say all right, and then forget all about them and go away without them.

"One morning Mrs. Billtops said to me, 'Ezra, I have put Claude's shoes in your hat.'

"That really did seem like business. It did really seem as though when I came to pick up my hat I would take the bundle out of it and put the hat on my head, and that then, being ready to go and having the bundle actually in my hands, I would take it along and leave it at the shoemaker's. I laughed to myself as I thought what a tremendously shrewd woman Mrs. Billtops is. But—

"I am as particular as I am forgetful. I never go out in the morning without first brushing my hat. I took the bundle out of my hat and laid it on the table, brushed my hat and—

"Mrs. Billtops looked at me just a little reproachfully that night when I came home, but that was all. Next day she took the shoes to the shoemaker's herself."—New York Sun.

The Germ of Yellow Fever.

A recent dispatch from Rome says that Dr. Saccarelli has discovered the germ of yellow fever and hopes to show how to combat the disease.

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**Cucumber**—We offer one variety of cucumbers only this year; it is called Thorburn's Ever Bearing; it will produce the entire season.

**Cress**—Fine Curled. Crisp and choice.

**Egg Plant**—New Jersey Improved Large Purple. The best beyond question.

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**Lettuce**—Old reliable Black Seed Simpson. Fine quality.

**Charlier's Mammoth Head**. Fine quality.

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**Mockingbird**—New Superior. A Cantelope of extra fine quality.

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**Extra Early Barletta**, or English radish.

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**Corn**—The Robinson Yellow Dent—Large ears, extra early, light yellow; 12 to 16 rows on ear. Of this corn Mr. Bernard writes:

WARREN, Mich., Sept. 23, 1896.

J. W. Wilson:

I have just come in from my two corn fields, where the men are finishing cutting up corn.

The field of that sort marked Robinson's Seedling, in package sent you to day, is a very superior corn. You see the date on the cards, showing time of growth—and the King on new ground is No. 1; not as early as the Robinson or older grade, and the first three hills of the latter which I stepped up to test had three stalks in each hill and there were nine ears on the three hills, every ear as fine as the two sent you 10 inches long. I am now sending the nine ears, but decided to get two of the King that you might examine and compare. The Robinson has been raised on my place now for four years and will be the only kind planted next year. Of course as we have not begun husking I can only estimate relative amounts, but it seems to promise at least 25 per cent more yield than the King. If you wish to use on seed list, let me know, as I can select choice seed and dry it well.

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